Distress

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Distress

by slashyrogue

Summary

There was something to be said about the scent of an omega in distress.

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The scent was a mix of intoxication and devastation to Hannibal's senses. He breathed it in, wanted to both prolong and curtail, and then when he calmed the poor thing down he got an even better reward.

Trust.

Omegas were notoriously skittish around alphas despite their need for one, and as the years went by and he calmed hundreds of them in different locations: stores, restaurants, and even his own office, he developed an almost affection for them.

Which was why it hit him so very hard when he found one whose distressed scent was so horrible. Will Graham's upset was not at all to his liking, not one bit, but his calmness and acceptance was the ambrosia like scent of the gods. Hannibal craved the perfect scent of calm after his first taste, nursed it, and even after only a short time of knowing each other felt oddly upset when he was not the one to cause his happiness.

Was this what they called true mates? He wasn't sure.

But Will had other means of support, many of them, and so he decided he would cut him off from said friends quickly so he was the only one in Will's life.

He was the one to diagnose his encephalitis, to sit by his bedside and watch him heal.

He was the one who looked after Will's dogs when he was away.

Will began to trust him, to need him, and strangely enough Hannibal enjoyed being needed.

Which was where he was now.

Alone with an omega who trusted him, felt calmed by his mere presence, so he did something odd.

He told the truth.

"I am the Chesapeake Ripper."

Will blinked at him, confused. "What?"

"I…."

"I heard you," Will said, standing, "I just…I can't…you…you…."

Hannibal reached for his arm and Will pushed him away. The pain in his eyes was awful, his distressed scent an agonizing stench that Hannibal needed gone as soon as possible. He could not keep Will like this.

“I did nothing but try to help you see the beauty in your becoming, Will,” he said, his voice wavering, “I did…I had thoughts of attempting to frame you but I…didn’t.”

Will scoffed. “Thanks, Ripper. What a swell guy you are.”

He watched as Will headed for the door of his office, the angry set of his shoulder and distressed scent so very hard to see.

“It pains me to see you hurt.”

Will turned around so fast Hannibal stepped back in response.

“But it’s okay to torture people? To…god the things you’ve done…you…”

He quickly made his way for the door to stop him but Will shook his head. “Will…”

“I thought maybe you were my alpha,” Will whispered, tears filling his eyes, “If you are…I may as well not have one at all.”

Hannibal reached for his arm and Will did not push him away. “No, Will. Listen to me.”

“I think I’ve had enough of listening to you prattle on about how good it feels to kill people. I was so blind. So stupidly in l…”

“In what, Will?”

He looked away from Hannibal but did not move. “In love with you,” he mumbled, “Stupid me, huh? Idiot omega who…”

Hannibal pulled him into his arms and pressed their mouths together. Will moaned, pulled him closer, and turned so Hannibal’s back was to the door. He felt Will’s touch in the very depths of his bones, in his blood, and when they parted he was barely able to catch his breath.

“I am, and always have been, your monster,” he whispered, reaching up and touching Will’s face.

Will shook his head. “I can’t.”

Hannibal felt the rejection in his entire being, falling to his knees, and when the click of the door marked Will’s disappearance from his life he felt for the first time his own distress.

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